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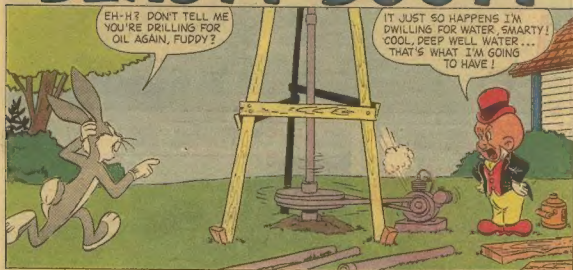
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



IT'S GOING TO FLOOD THE WHOLE 'CLEARING!
WHEE-EE! I'LL HAVE MY VEWY OWN LAKE!

OH, NO! STOP IT! OR MY
HAPPY HOME WILL BE A
FISH GROTTO!



HAH! WHAT DOES ONE WABBIT HOLE
MATTER? THINK OF ALL THE LAKE
FWONT PROPERTY I'LL HAVE! IT
WILL BE WORTH A FORTUNE!



NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! NOBODY'S GOING TO FLOOD
ME OUT AND PUT IN A LAKE SHORE SUBDIVISION!

WHAT? OH, NO, YOU
DON'T, WABBIT!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
PLUG UP MY WELL! YOU
CAN'T STOP PWOGWESS!

BUT I'VE GOT SOME
RABBIT RIGHTS! JUST
BECAUSE YOU OWN THE
WOODS DOESN'T MEAN
THAT...



HEY! STAY AND
TALK THINGS
OVER!



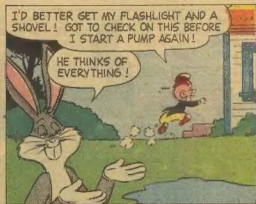
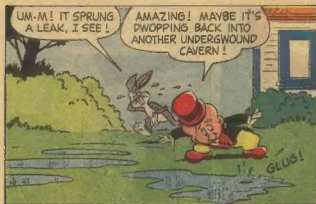
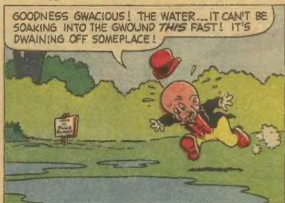
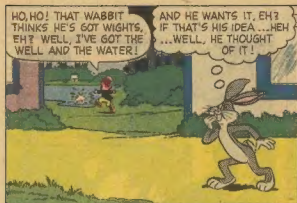
HURRAY! THAT DID IT!
IT'S STOPPED
GUSHING, AT
LEAST!

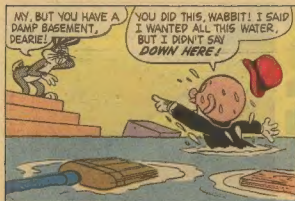


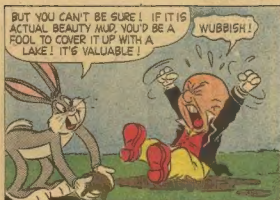
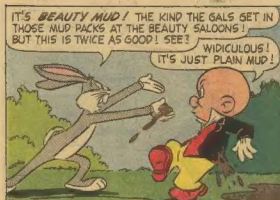
HAH! I'LL HAVE A PUMP IN OPEWATION BEFORE
YOU KNOW IT! THIS IS ALL **MY** WATER AND
I WANT IT... **SEE!**

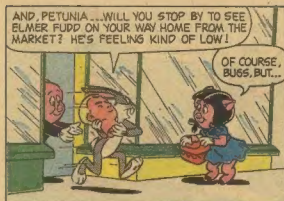
I **SEE!**
I **SEE!**

CLUNK!



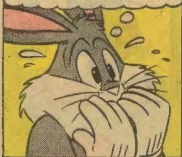




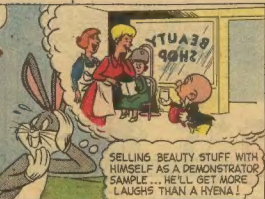




OH, ME! AND I THOUGHT I HAD THINGS SOLVED! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WAS ONLY TEMPORARY!



LA DE DAH DE DAH!
I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE!



SELLING BEAUTY STUFF WITH HIMSELF AS A DEMONSTRATOR SAMPLE... HE'LL GET MORE LAUGHS THAN A HYENA!

AND END UP Madder THAN EVER! MY HAPPY HOME IS SURE TO END UP UNDER WATER! I'VE GOT TO SIDETRACK HIM SOME WAY!

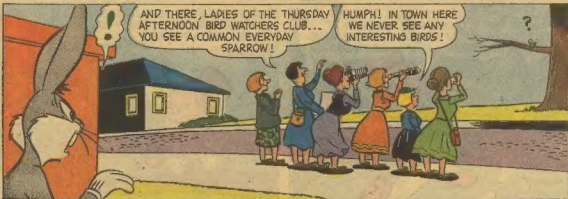


BUT HOW? IF HE EVEN SPOTS HIS REFLECTION IN A STORE WINDOW, THE JIG IS UP!



AND THERE, LADIES OF THE THURSDAY AFTERNOON BIRD WATCHERS CLUB... YOU SEE A COMMON EVERYDAY SPARROW!

HUMPH! IN TOWN HERE WE NEVER SEE ANY INTERESTING BIRDS!



HMM... A WHOLE HERD OF *LADY* BIRD WATCHERS! HMM! A SCHEME IS TICKLING MY EAR BONES!

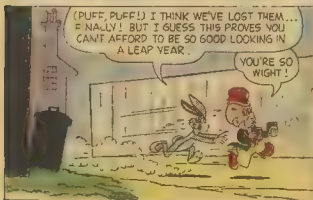
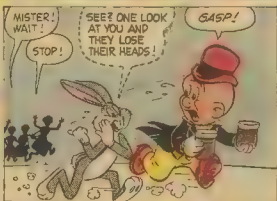
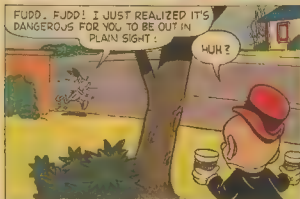
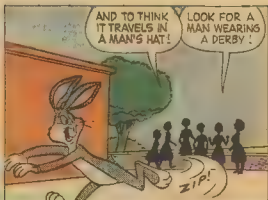
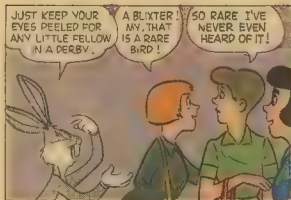


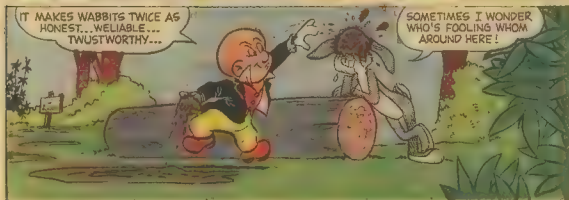
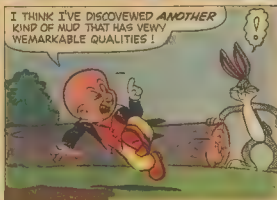
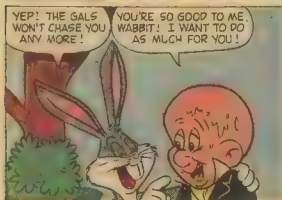
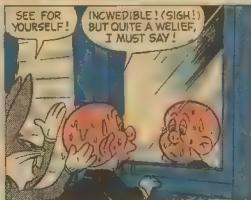
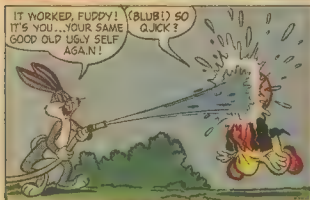
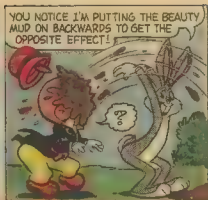
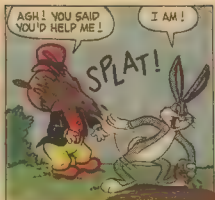
LADIES! RIGHT HERE IN TOWN... I KNOW OF A...ER... *DOWNY BREASTED BLIXTER* THAT'S TAME ENOUGH TO TRAVEL AROUND IN A FELLOW'S DERBY HAT!



OH, I'D LOVE TO SEE THAT!

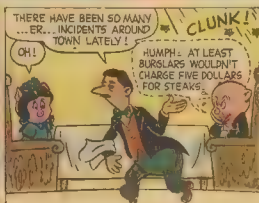
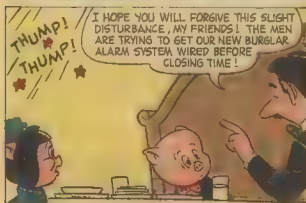
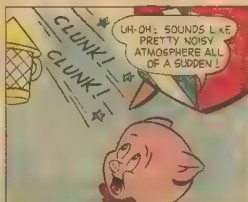
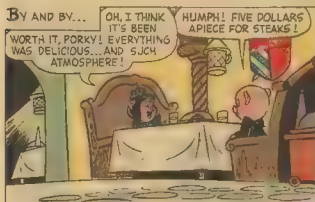
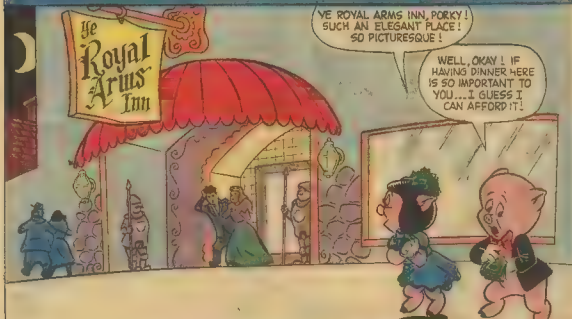
WHO IS THE MAN?

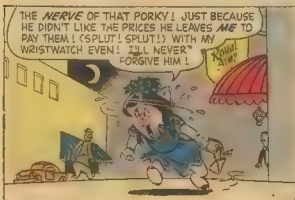
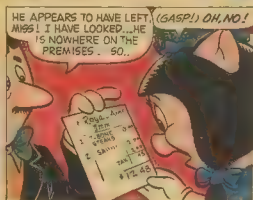
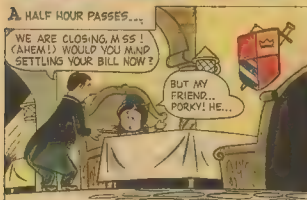
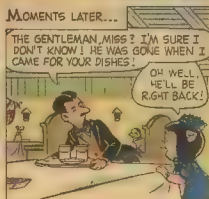
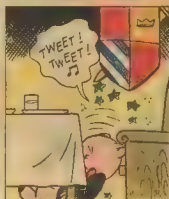
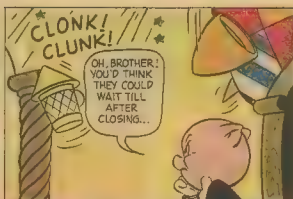
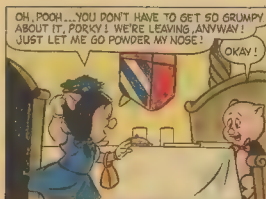


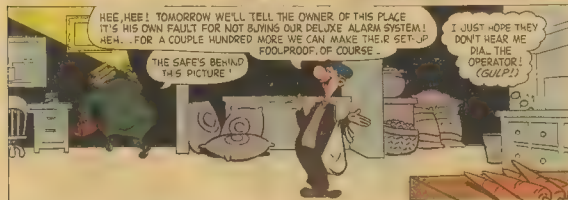
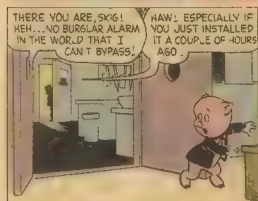
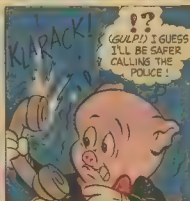
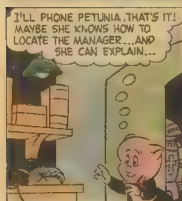


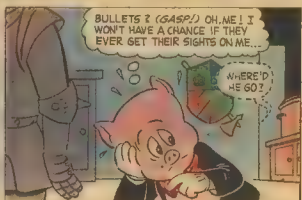
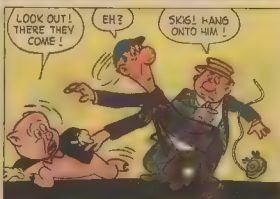
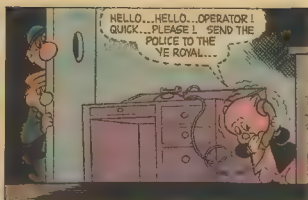
WARNER BROS.
PORKY PIG

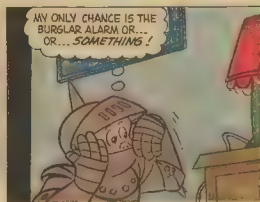
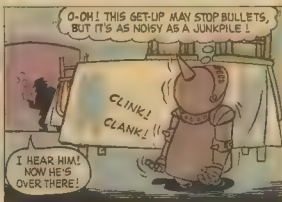
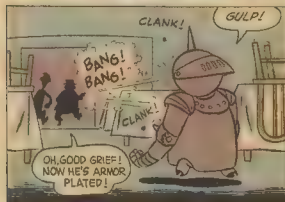
NO ESCAPE

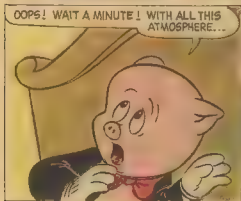
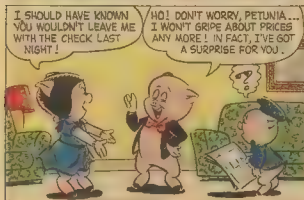
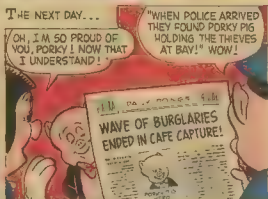
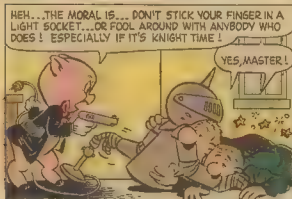
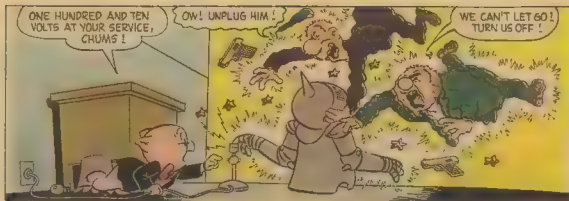












FIREHOUSE HUSTLE



"B-Boy, I sure was lucky to land this nice easy job as a handyman," Porky Pig hummed contentedly to himself as he worked at polishing the brass fireman's pole in the firehouse one day. "Maybe later on the chief will let me be a regular fireman. That sure would be keen. They spend most of their time sleeping, and that's for me!"

Just then, Porky's thoughts were interrupted by the strident clanging of the fire alarm bell. Suddenly he was almost engulfed by firemen sliding down the pole and scrambling madly for the big red fire engine.

"Come on, Porky," the chief called. "The fire's in a warehouse down on the docks, and we'll need all the help we can get."

Before Porky had time to collect his wits, somebody had jammed a hat over his head and pulled him aboard the truck.

With a powerful roar of its big motor, the truck sped out of the station.

"G-Golly," Porky gulped, hanging on to the truck for dear life as it zoomed with siren wailing toward the docks, "I didn't figure on being a fireman quite so soon. Oh, well, maybe they'll only want me to stand around and do the easy parts like turning on the fire hydrants or something."

When the truck screeched to a halt in front of the warehouse a few minutes later, the firemen leaped out and immediately set about performing the dozens of tasks that had to be done in order to fight the fire.

Porky was put to work at once. He helped to haul the heavy hoses into position, uncouple the long ladders, and was sent dashing to and fro carrying messages between the chief and the other firemen. Pretty soon he was so out of breath from running around,

he could hardly stand up.

"Don't stand there loafing!" the chief snapped at him as Porky stopped to rest for a moment. "Help carry that hose inside the building and up to the fifth floor."

Porky was galvanized into action once again. Falling behind one of the other firemen, he lifted a section of the cumbersome hose and ran into the burning building. Up, up, up the stairs he stumbled, one flight after another, until he reached the top.

"The nozzle's stuck, Porky," one of the firemen panted. "Run back down and bring up a wrench from the truck."

Porky barely had strength enough to make the trip, and, in the ensuing hours, wobbled and weaved with exhaustion from one task to the next, until the fire was put out.

"Congratulations, Porky!" the chief smiled, when they had returned to the firehouse. "You did a good job. I think I'll recommend you for our training program, so you can learn to be a regular fireman."

"G-Golly," Porky thought to himself, "I know now that a fireman's life is not as easy as I thought. It's hard and dangerous, and lots of work, too. That's not for me."

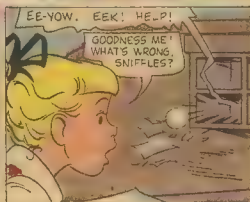
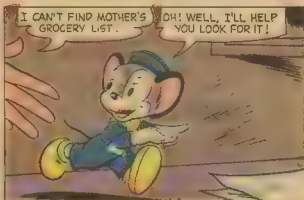
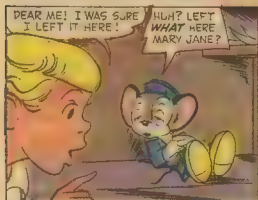
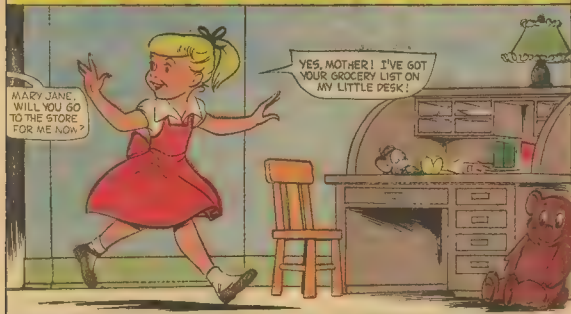
Out loud, he said to the chief, "If it's all the same to you, I think I'll just stick to being a handyman, thank you."

"Suit yourself," the chief shrugged. "Oh, by the way, we're having a firemen's ball here in the firehouse tonight, so you'd better get busy washing and waxing the floor, washing the windows, and putting up the decorations."

"Oh, me," Porky sighed wearily as he got out a mop and a pail, "no matter how you look at it, I guess even an easy job has its moments of hard work!"

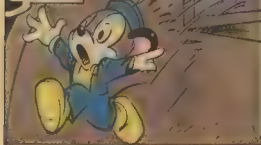
WARNER BROS. MARY JANE and SNIFFLES

THE LIST MYSTERY

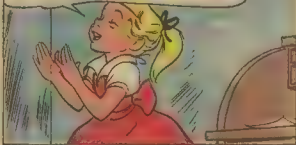


BETTER MAKE YOURSELF SMALL, QUICK...
SO YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT GUY!

ALL RIGHT!

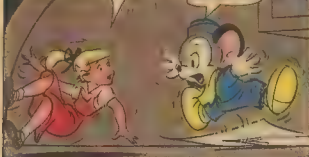


NOW I SHUT MY EYES REAL TIGHT,
THEN I WISH WITH ALL MY MIGHT,
MAGIC WORDS OF POOF, POOF, PIFFLES,
MAKE ME JUST AS SMALL AS SNIFFLES!



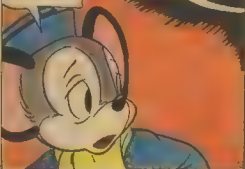
NOW THEN, WHO'S HIDING
IN THE PIGEON HOLE?

HE'S AWFUL...
HE'S NASTY.
HE'S...



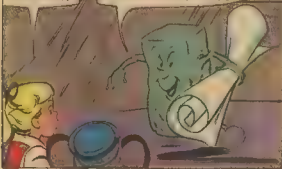
(GULP!) HE'S
COMING OUT!

YAK-YAK-YAK!



WHY, IT'S MY
ERASER!

GANGWAY! I FOUND A NEW
VICTIM TO RUB OUT!



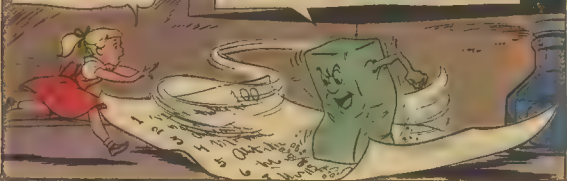
THAT'S MY SCHOOL SPELLING PAPER THAT
I'M SAVING BECAUSE I GOT ONE HUNDRED
ON IT!

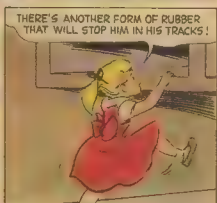
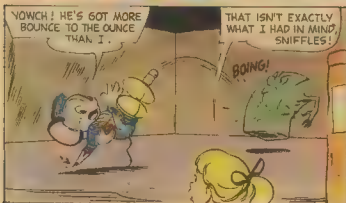
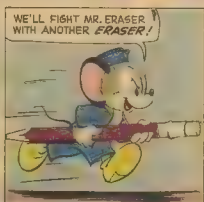
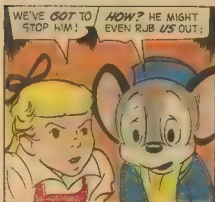
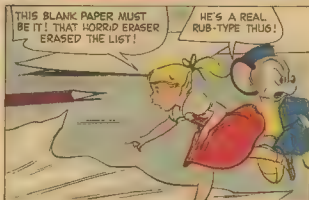
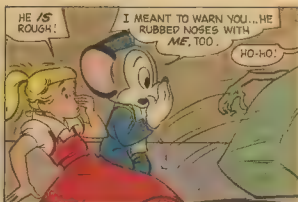
I DON'T CARE IF IT'S THE
GETTYSBURG ADDRESS!

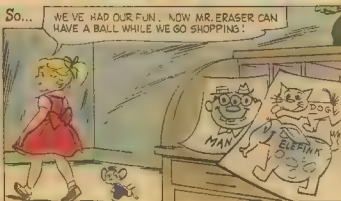
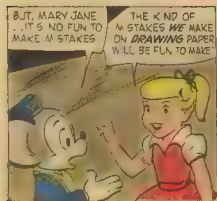
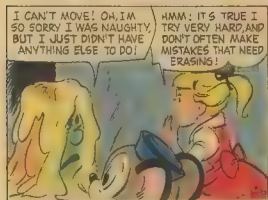
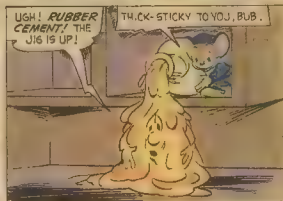
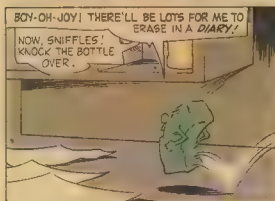
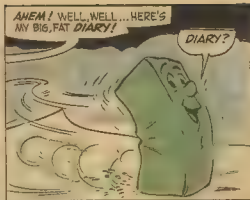
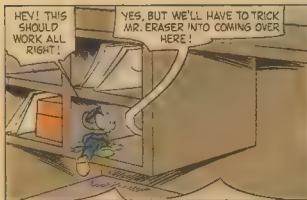


STOP. DON'T ERASE IT!

I RUB OUT ANYTHING, ANY TIME I FEEL LIKE IT, KIDDO!

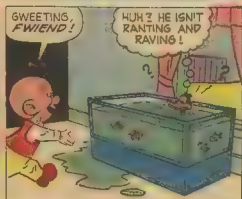
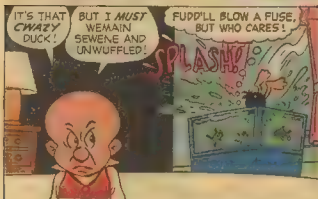
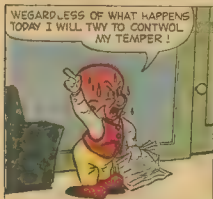
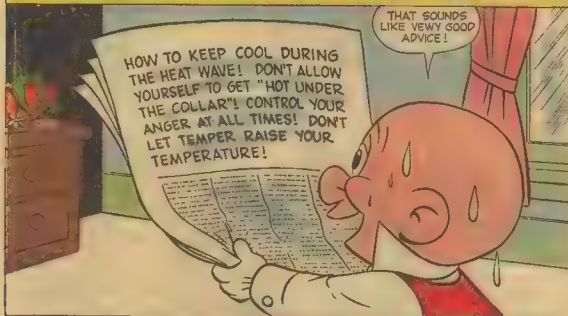


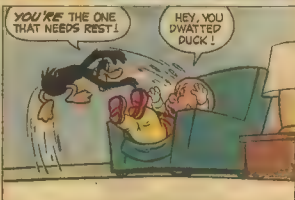
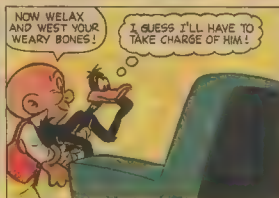
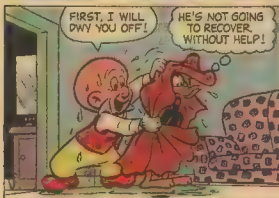
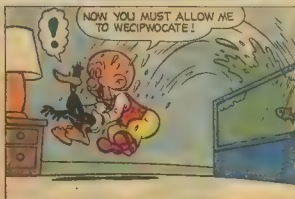
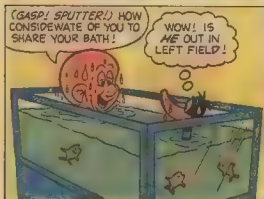
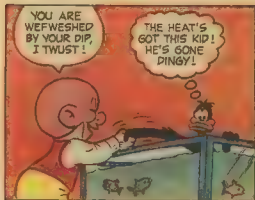


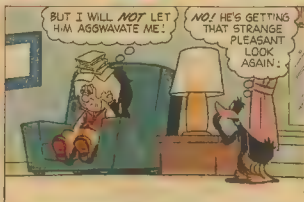
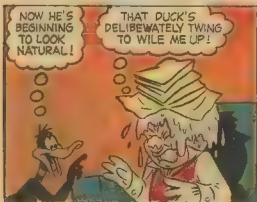
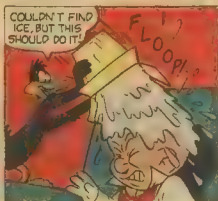
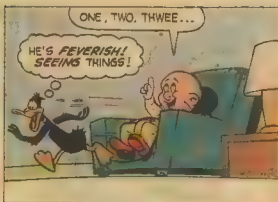
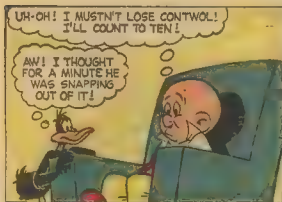


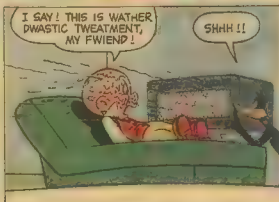
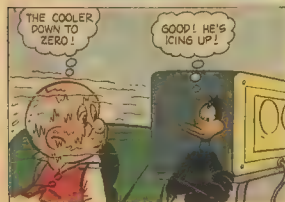
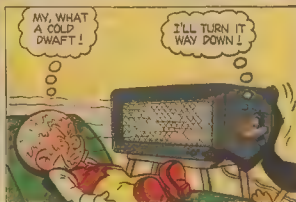
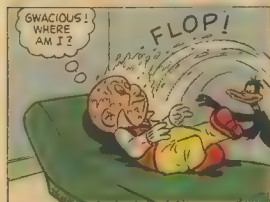
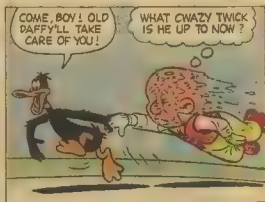
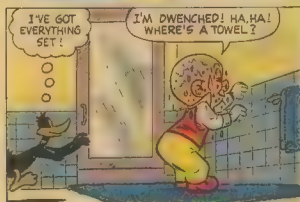
WARNER BROS. **DAFFY DUCK**

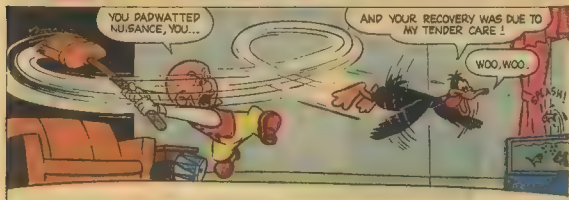
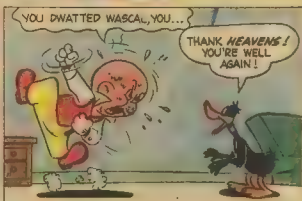
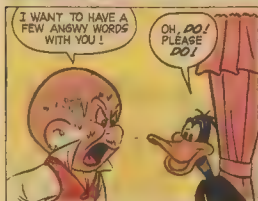
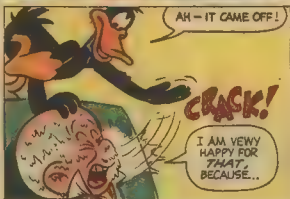
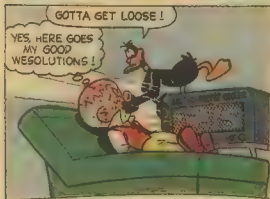
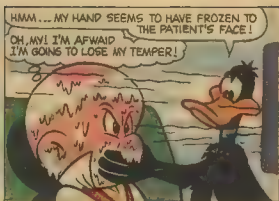
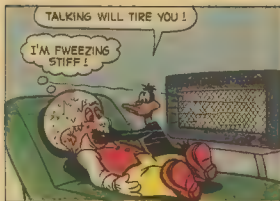
CWAZY WITH THE HEAT





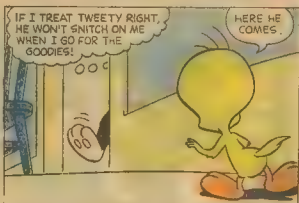
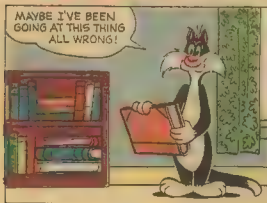
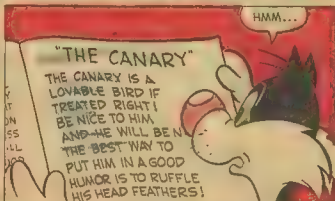


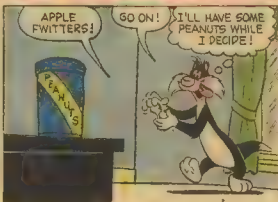
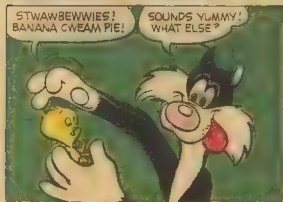
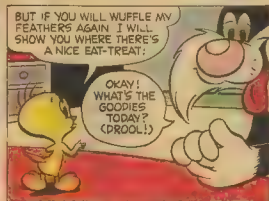
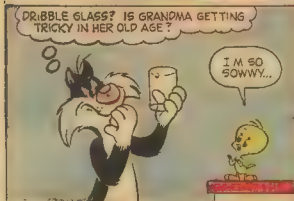
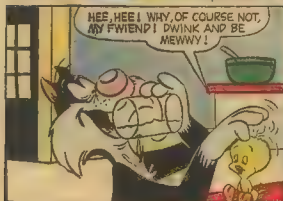
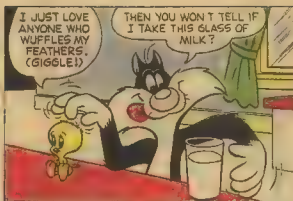


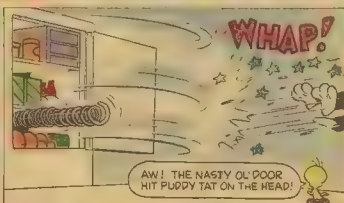
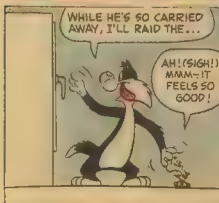
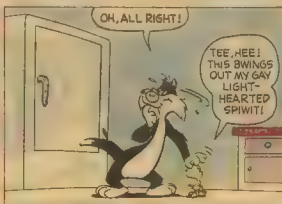
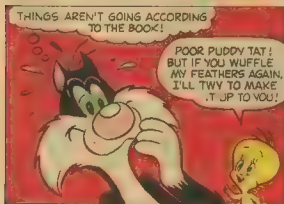
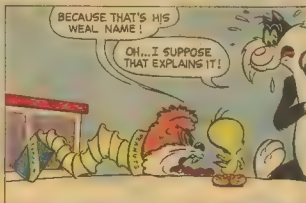
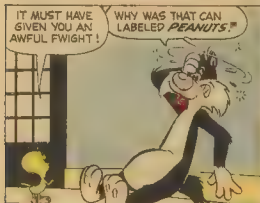
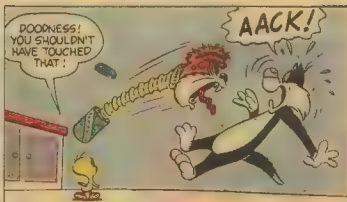
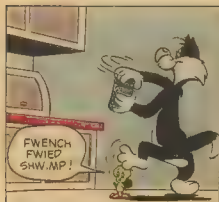


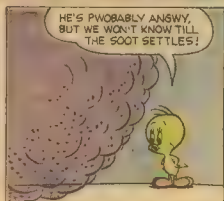
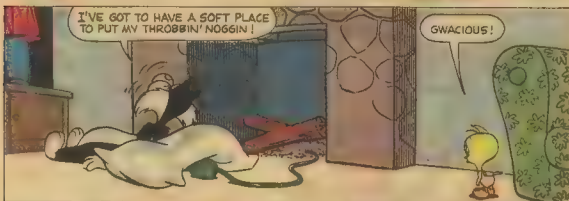
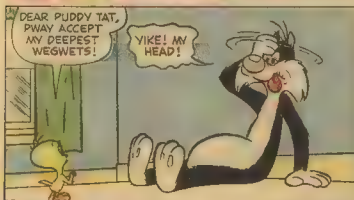
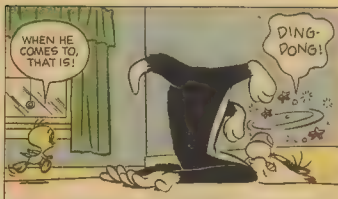
WARNER BROS. **TWEETY** and **SYLVESTER**

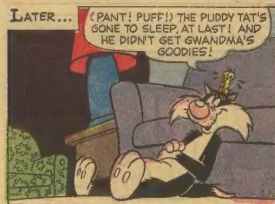
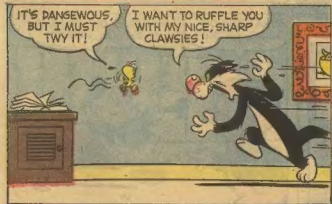
TRICKY TREATS

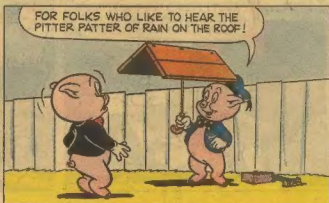
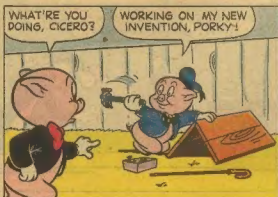
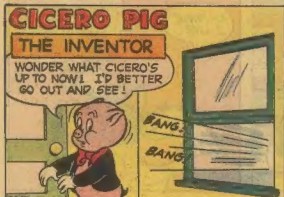
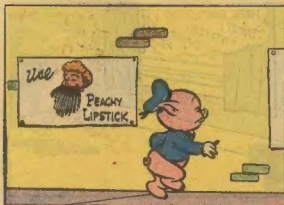












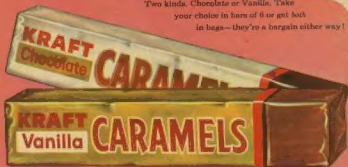
This is a Beaverbear

A beaverbear is always hungry as a bear for chewy Kraft Caramels and busy as a beaver 'cause, while he's eating one Kraft Caramel he's unwrapping another.



Two kinds, Chocolate or Vanilla. Take your choice in bars of 6 or get both in bags—they're a bargain either way!

When it comes
to candies
Kraft puts more



YUM-IN-UM than anyone